THE POWER AND THE GLORY. BY Grace MacGowan Cooke, author of Illustrated Arthur I. Keller. Doubleday, Page & Co. Washington: Woodward & Lothrop.

again to mind the fact that sketches by Gen. Farley himself. Grace MacGowan Cooke is a by two outstanding traits of this enof any shore. Johnnie Consadine, beautiful mountain girl, stung by an ambition alien to her idle race, and Gray Stoddard, substantial factory owner and all around fine fellow, these, employed and employer, make the center of this delightful story. Environed as these two are by the sordid activities of a cotton-mill town where women and children, as well as men, work long and hard, where rich women on the hill dabble in uplifts, where the medieval spirit of the mountain breeds bitter feuds, what temptations in these reforming days to make sermons about child labor and rescues, or to follow the rich lead of the mountains in exciting melodrama. The author does none of these things. What she does do is to distil each of these. very shrewdly, often humorously, in its essence of aim and effect, deftly subordinating it meanwhile to the larger uses of her single purpose. In the heroine, Mrs. Cooke has created so fine and beautiful a girl that the reader will take up beautiful and excellent pictures. The this story again and again, just to see real inducement to perusal, however, Johnnie Consadine smile, to hear what lies in the hope that this business man she is saying and to find out what as author, out of his experience and simple or difficult thing she is doing in training will see the world from a new her own buoyant way.

THREE RIVERS; THE JAMES, THE ton: The Neale Publishing Com- and kaleidoscopic, unrelated views.

An author achieves a thing of note when he succeeds in combining, yet holding clean and disentangled, both matof but neighborhood range and interest. And this is what Gen. Farley has done in the present volumne of recollections, covering here both the national crisis of the rich local colors of beautiful scenery, The Hudson and West Point contribute distrust, but settling anally to the large managed communities. to his years of training and preparation. intent of true nationalism. Recent criti The Potomac becomes the scene of an cism, in certain quarters, of the Constituactive, patriotic manhood, with war time i tion as an instrument unfit, and unfit by

as its directive influence. Personal rec- design, for free democratic development ollections of the civil war are becoming makes this study of composite motive valeach year more rare, more valuable uable and timely. Many of the discus-Every such view of this event has weight. A special significance attaches to one so cotemporaneous are they in thought and spirited, so personal, so vivid as the treatment. The author approaches the ism will move this retrospect from south of measures for some effective coalition its growth. Washington readers will find amendment proceedings. An interesting bing blurred pictures bright through the tution, making clear its evolutionary Additional interest is given to the vol- conclusion the author sums both the ume by the fact that the artistic color

capital story-teller. Casting A LABRADOR SPRING. By Charles W. Townsend. M.D., author of "Along the Labrador Coast," etc. Illustra- GOVERNMENTAL ACTION FOR tions from photographs. Boston: Dana Estes & Co.

It turns out, contrary to common im subtle methods of pursuit and, more often not spring at all but, instead, a quickly somed summer hasting to fulfillment. Mr. Townsend's delightful volume is the story of his quest for this fugitive season over the mainland and among the coast islands of Labrador. Quite in touch with the joy of his errand, the author misses no view, however fleeting, of the object of his search. He spreads the land out before the reader in most del! atful way, introducing its plants and animals, its men and women in their activities and in-Not overtraveled is the road through Labrador, so fresh information worth to an otherwise valuable record.

AROUND THE WORLD WITH A BUSI NESS MAN. By Leander A. Bigger. Illustrated. Philadelphia: John C. Winston Company.

tremely rich livery of scarlet and gold and an almost unlimited number of truly angle, with a spirited manner, no doubt,

sions might have been made yesterday, s character of growth and adaptability. In greatness and the weakness of this docuto the uses of government.

of economics and politics. Cornell University. American Progress Series. Edited by Prof. LL.D., Columbia University. New York: The Macmillan Company.

etterment. The author bases the body description, application and definition as its instruments. Following this is a scrutiny of the three departments of government, not only in their powers toward the | which marked that exceptional tale. social whole, but also in their accomplishment of ameliorative measures. If there be a flaw in this painstaking survey it is that of overcare in the interest about the place and its people adds extra of clearness, expressing itself in frequent restatements and somewhat elementary views, out of which issues a faint flavor of platitude. One interested in this subject and at all inclined to read a treatise upon it has passed out from the one-syllable period and reacts with impatience toward a lean method where he expects a

suppress the news of his disappearance Rossiter Johnson. New York: the very end of the story, and in the pur-Wessels & Bissell Co. Washing- suit of the criminal and the solution of several subordinate problems the author leads her followers a merry chase indeed. the Constitution. This special emphasis sity for stumbling over things in the The James cen- foreshortened temporarily here and there is evidence that the author has been ters about the childhood of this author. perhaps by local outlook and sectional studying the records of some of our worst THE MOTOR MAID. By C. N. and A.

Williamson.

Doubleday, Page & Co. Washing- ered at a dinner given December 5, 1905, readers. Mr. Kaufman has, one might alton: Woodward & Lothrop. girl, a handsome man and a guide book. ideas and his ideals, and here his con- and faith. It is a "preachment" that all 'The Motor Maid" carries the fascinated cepts of this complex existence of which into delightful fiction the romance of that

plates are reproductions of water color ment, the latter tending toward elimina- daughter of a Frenchman of long lineage, tion and modification as the instrument is by circumstances impressed into serv- strongly moved Dr. Stacpoole that he has Kaufman drives home with sharp, crisp seeks to fit itself more and more perfectly ice as maid to an impossible new-rich devoted this, his latest work of fiction, to CIAL WELFARE. By Jeremiah Turner-develops into a screaming absurdity. Sir Samuel, her liver pill-mak- been couched. While preserving the out- fight in which optimism always wins. ing husband, is more human, but the lines of the novel, the author has none contrast between these two and their lady-maid and gentleman-chauffeur gives Samuel McCune Lindsay, P.H.D., the Williamsons their best opportunity campaign document. He sends into the LL.D., Columbia University. New of some years to produce delightful ef- heart of the dark country a young Amerfects. There is just enough of the guide ican physician, just from his post-gradubook about "The Motor Maid" to be suggestively instructive and diverting with out slackening the flow of the love story, which works to its usual happy conclusion, arriving there by a swift and uncial welfare, an elaborated analysis, using will revive the interest of those who first enjoyed "The Lightning Conductor," but who have not found in all the subsequent Williamson stories the particular quality

> introduction by William Dean Howells. New York: Harper &

orized them by a system of mnemonic becomes obvious that this business man this country. This tale, which reeks of stood for points and clauses and climaxes POTOMAC, THE HUDSON; a retro- is on a real vacation, having left at mystery from the fifth page, relates to and were at once indelible diction and spect of peace and war. By Joseph home his entire equipment, save energy, the peculations of a state treasurer constant suggestion." Here are assemspect of peace and war. By Joseph home his entire equipment, save energy, the peculations of a state treasurer constant suggestion." Here are assembled by the political bied over one hundred of Mark Twain's gang in control of affairs contrives to addresses and speeches, delivered on all sorts of occasions, at banquets, at meet-THE STORY OF THE CONSTITUTION and ultimate murder. Just who killed ings, at dedications, some long, some OF THE UNITED STATES. By him remains unknown to the reader to short, some characteristic of the inimitathe American union. Among them are the Belgium's name in the world's history speech delivered at Oxford when he re- more detestable than the names of the ceived the doctor's degree from that university; the address at the Aldrich mecovering here both the national criss of the author's purpose to examine dark is largely conducive to the unfold-morial meeting; an argument before the civil war and the less rigorous affairs points the author's purpose to examine dark is largely conducive to the unfold-morial meeting; an argument before the civil war and the less rigorous affairs points the author's purpose to examine dark is largely conducive to the unfold-conductive to the unfold-world meeting; an argument before the gradual with pictures on patents. morial meeting; an argument before the THE WINNING FIGHT. By Herbert vironment. Around these are gathered gathered up with name and place and cir- necessary to expend 378 pages in the un- ance at a London dinner; an address on cumstance from Mr. Madison's notes on folding. In the course of this intricate Joan of Arc before the Society of Illuspoetic tradition, stirring history and im- the proceedings, bulk in a national design, and at all times interesting story there trators; and so on through a long, dementator on current affairs, the homely philosopher, the vigorous champion of

in New York to celebrate the seventieth most say, invented a new philosophy. anniversary of his birth. None of the is in truth old in spirit, but new in its Twain books so clearly presents the man, manner of presentation. It is the docfor here is the real Clemens, here are his trine of work, success, confidence, honesty he was in his peculiar way a most elo- stand. There is no fine writing, no at-

The horrors of the Kongo have so

Duffield & Co.

task that would never end as long as rubber grew and Christ was a name in Europe and not a power; he told the awful
fact that murder there was used every
day as an agricultural implement, that
people were operated upon and suffered
people were operated upon and suffered
property over her old father and mother, yet
with the kindest heart in the world; a
highly accomplished scientist grappling with his thirst demon, that has
wrecked him in the past and now menwrecked him in the past and now menaccess him once more; a beautiful, vain,
Toynbee, William. Glimpses of the Twenties. had no voice; he told the whole bitter tale sake her hard-working sister enlists of tears and blood, but he could not tell the services of Philip Wetherell. There her all, for she was a girl, and it would is no denying the force of Mr. Smith's be hard to speak even before a man of style in dealing with so complex and the crimes against nature, the crimes difficult a theme. He takes his place against men, against women and against among the strongest of our presentchildren, that, even if the Kongo state day story writers. were swept away tomorrow, will leave unspeakable cities sunk in the Dead sea."

Kaufman under the head of "Sign Posts lightful range of personal reminders of to Success." In "The Winning Fight" he the man, the thinker, the humorous com- has assembled a number of these brief, THE CLOSED BOOK; Other Poems causes and defender of rights, appro- ing appeared already in this paper, but New York: priately concluding with a speech delivithe majority of them being new to its

ancient and historic land. There is some- THE POOLS OF SILENCE. By H. De hammer blows are these, blows aimed a Vere Stacpbole, author of "The slothfulness and discouragement and Blue Lagoon," etc. New York: doubt, blows calculated to stimulate one No man can read this work without feel-

> the less effectively made of this book a ENCHANTED GROUND; an episode of the life of a young man. By Harry James Smith, author of "Ame dee's Son." Boston: Houghton Boston: Houghton

Prudish persons should softly tread immense wealth, of limitless courage, of past this "Enchanted Ground." Here the inquestioning cruelty. In the jungle of is no tale for those who dread to see ners Under the Early Empire. v. 1-2. Kongo disaster overtakes the expedi- life in its ugly realities. Yet whoever F913. tion, and, in consequence, the two white men return to civilization, the young physician affame with indignation at the horrors he has witnessed, the other peculiarly those who err than they felt before. changed as a result of a blow on the and may acquire a more judicial attitensity. Here in brief is the Kongo story city, to fall morally, to lose heavily, as related by the young phsician to his employer's daughter: "He told of the then in final revolt against his weak-son and Cervera. Russell. H. B. he knew how to give the spoken word a peculiar vitality and significance, how to invest it with the color of life. Mark Twain's nearest approaches to failure as a speaker were the result of his occasional trusting to spontaneity. "He studied every word and sound the spoken word and significance to failure as a speaker were the result of his occasional trusting to spontaneity. "He studied every word and sound the spoken word and strong the spoken word and sound the spoken word and spoken "The Circular Staircase," etc. Twain's nearest approaches to failure as he told of the misery of the men who frivolity and immorality, is neverthe-Illustrated by Arthur I. Keller. a speaker were the result of his occaindianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill sional trusting to spontanelty. "He studied every word and syllable and memstudied every word and syllable and memtask that would never end as long as rub-

-MODERN ENGINES. By Thomas W. Corbin, author of "The How | H14. Does It Work of Electricity." New York: R. F. Fenno & Co..

By Leolyn Louise Everett. York: Wessels & Bissell Co. Washington: Ballantyne & Sons.

RECENTLY ADDED BOOKS ON HISTORY.

Some very important and at the same ing stronger and better equipped for the one of breathless interest, in which the author fortifies his statements with a

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FARM BOOKS

Gleanings in Rec Culture, a bi-mont

zine, is currently received.

Poultry.

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Biggle, Jacob. Cow Book. 1908. RKB-B4 Biggle, Jacob. Horse Book. 1907. RKF-P Biggle, Jacob. Si Biggle, Jacob. Si Brown, Thomas. 1904. RKF-B817. RKR-C63s

Benkendorf and Hatch. Profitable Dairy

Gurler, H. B. Farm Dairy, 1908, RN-G Lane, C. B. Business of Dairying, RN-L Stewart, Henry, Dairyman's Manual, I

A RAINY DAY AT THE SEASHORE

have an acute distaste for fried for trailing effluvium of hair oil,

ness, measliness and bedingedness, we award the entire delicatessen and the whole layout of zinc medals to a rainy There is something adhesively, cling-

test and flaming resentment

An autumnal day, with the brown and red leaves swirling in the ditches and eddying garrulously along the street, and the wan, yellowish sun peering sort o' sadly and good-bye-ishly through the thinning verdure-such a day has a tendency to betake you to a consideration o and to stake you to agreeably melancholy reflections as to the briefness of existence and the mutability of human affairs and the now-we're-here-and-nowwe-ain't-ness of the game of life as we

But a rainy, seepy, sulkily downfallish day at the seaside only succeeds in lassoing your Angora and in arousing within your otherwise placid and uncomplainembracing dislike for everything on earth, the dome above the earth, the waters beneath the same and all human critters piffishly mooching around on top of the earth, including yourself.

'Tis gluey stickiness plus, humid discomfort in the form of a concentrate, gumminess that makes for mania, atmospheric doggoneness that takes all of the ginj and uplift out of the human spirit; and two or three other and worse things that we can't just remember at this moment; that's what a rainy day at

the seaside is. On such a day everything goes wrong, gosh-fired happens. The salt sticks in the cruet. You can't coax, cajole, bunk or bully it out without unscrewing the lid of the cruet. You can bang the salt cruet on the tablecloth, thereby causing those two young lydies from Muscatine, Ioway, at your table, to view you as a hijussly ill-mannered and vicious-tempered person; you can rap the cruet on the bottom thereof with your slapful palm; you can twist the cruet sideways and every-whichways, and get down on your knees exude and emit tympanum-wrenching mitting suicide by sticking to their ships. to it and beg and implore and beseech it squeaks and shrieks like unto the noises Their one idea is to stick, that's all. and ask it. Please, Mister Salt, won't emitted by a flock of belated birds goryou come out and lend a little savor to mandizing on a long-deceased okapi this punkerino food, and bawl at it and somewhere in the regions of T. R.'s seek to stampede it and disgrace yourself forever and evermore at the table; at the end of all of which-nix! There's their mothers instantly grasp the signif- all the same. To put it in another way, only one thing to do, and that is to unscrew the top of the screw and pick up the gummy, gluey and messy stuff and you're one o' them nasty mean, horrid toss it onto your fodder in adhesive brutes o' men that hate and loathe and the waters of the sea to cover his head; chunks and gobs and let it go at that.

(excessively low) hanging clouds, and and you become as unpopular as a very end. the porch is wet and slippery and soggy, would-be purchaser of maltous products Naming and the mosquitoes are flattened predacjously against the screens, wolfishly awaiting their chance to bore their

Your clothes hang to you like cold. clammy compresses, though the temperature is as measily warm as the fetid breath of a captured jaguar. Even the outer clothes of the women folks seem to stick to them.

And the erstwhile skillfully powdered

And all of their freckles, which are just hammersmiths, and they peg the bunch can make a living doing the way you do, subject of a rainy day, or rainy plain cute on a sunshiny day, now are coming and going. days, at the seashore. We magnifiedly yaller and haw'ble, just haw-

little dampish wisps, particularly around their sunburned necks, and you say to courself as you prowl hatingly around certainly did only yesterday when the

by the frowned-upon delirium-tremens you and they'd jes' like to see themselves side, and this, all in all, will be about all. route wouldn't be just about the ticket, letting a man belonging to them carry onsidering everything or nothing, and the state of the case, and the circumstances and environment.

The very clouds give you the long, low, don't like this wet stuff, hey? Kicking moisture your way, eh? All right-watch us now! Ker-drip-drip-drip-whishy!" and then the roof of the hotel dump at which you're stopping begins to make a noise like the inside of a shot tower under the horrendous impact of the Panama downpour, and the gooey fly lights on your nose and inserts a hydraulic drill therein and won't be brushed off for more than one-nineteenth of a second; when he returns to the identical spot and proceeds to drill you some more; and the words 'Night's Plutonian shore" pop into your obsessed mind, and you say to yourself stage of sea trouble? that it's no wonder poor Poe took to the sosh thing so enthusiastically if he'd ever spent a rainy day at the seaside,

Oh, yes. And all of the young 'uns around the place are moved to a strange, and when it comes to that weird, pound-poundy, a state of thumpful unrest on a rainy day at the seaside. You've got to stick around the hotel, You've got to stick around the notes, upon it as quite a part of their game. before, was seen to place a revolver to his smip is on the cage of dissolution, to A chill of loneliness swept over me, his temple and put a bullet in his brain, stick along with her with little or no de- and I turned with an involuntary shudand down the slidey, slippery Boardwalk They regard the business of standing by and he was dead when the steamer car- sire to be saved. in the drip-drip, and so you get the full their vessels till the finish, and after- ried him to the bottom with her. restfulness of the young 'uns

They run-run (oh, how they do runrun) around the wet, slickery-slidey porches, making boomfully maddening, hollowlike noises on the planks with their Mountains of the Moon. And, if you scowl involuntarily at the uproar, why, icance of your scowl as they see it, and the skipper who has lost his ship through they say, even in audible terms, that at a N Yawk maybe-French ball.

The anvil-ness of it! The hit-im-with-a-pickax-ness (or as the case may be) of it!

the he-knockers as well as the lydy face anyhow and isn't it a wonder a man

All you've got to do is to pass disheartenedly through the exchange of a seaside that to the marines or Sweeney dun-hueishly, somberly, catafalquely, and that couple to be in a peculiar condition even to their wives whereas her skin is men who have had no accidents. It's the rumbles with a gloatful, hoarse rumble because the way you bumped against the just as muddy as it can be when you get old human story that the world was made catch its basso cachinnation, as if it were awful and it woke up nearly everybody veils all the time and she's got the making, and it's a-goin' to keep on raining, your shoes on the floor as if you were try- you get right close to her and oh yes her soggy beach, and you hate yourself and ering how you spend all your time o' see anything in such a creature is just cents' worth more, and you meditate how your wife manages to stand you at Well, anyhow, our idea of nothing whatwhether a death by strangulation or even all and 'deed they'd train you if they had ever to live for is a rainy day at the sea-

this morning because the couple that has the funny part of it is the men folks the ing, that will last him pretty nigh as

Why the "Skipper" Stays With a Ship as It Sinks

raltar and sank. The skipper

of a vessel so often elect to go down with his vessel when she gets into that final

duty as being on the bridge in a fog or

rough weather. rectly or even indirectly responsible for thing that was left for him to do-not the loss of their ships actually want to wanting to become a commissionless capgo down with their vessels, and they alent to being a beach-comber. Had he make this business a sort of suicide. Not cute little sandal-shod footems; and all so with the skippers who feel that they the time they run there (or in the hall- are in no wise responsible for the loss of

Now, there may be a pretty fine shade of difference here, but it's a difference what he knows to be his neglect wants

Naming no names, a few years ago 8 at a N Yawk maybe-French ball.

And oh, chaff! The kin-nocking bees francisco and Yokohama hit a subthat hold their sessions around the ex-merged rock while groping her way

break a line record by getting into San no matter how utterly blameless he may of the steamer, although he Francisco bay at once, and so he tried had a chance to save himself, to feel his way through the fog past the trust his employers have reposed in him; gate. It was a bad bit of fumbling, and that fate, or the hand of God, or destiny.

There, of course, was a case of a sk per knowing that the end of the worl had come for him, so far as his ever beough weather.

The skippers who feel themselves diconcerned; and he did about the only tain, which is, to a skipper, about equivpermitted himself to survive he never could have explained his mistake. He never would have got another command. blueberries grow wild and abundantly in fully, with a wave of his hand toward the desolate marshland. permitted himself to survive he never never would have got another command. of it. As a man born to the sea who had been a skipper for a quarter of a century, there was simply nothing else for him to

do, according to the master mariner's

coincident with that of his ship.

It must be said, however, that even the skippers who know themselves to be in no way to blame for the loss of their

the Indian ocean, or wherever it might have been, and who's "waiting for another ship." And most of them keep right on waiting, forever waiting, for another he waiting list shows that they were guilty of no negligence in losing their

course they wouldn't have been on the waiting list at all, but would have had their masters' papers revoked.

The custom of the sea in this respect is,

ters are men who have passed through all neck; and there, in neighborly proximof the grades from apprentice up, and ity, one finds church and post office. from the time a ship's boy first puts on shops and homes. the jacket of an apprentice the sacreddinned and dinned and forever redinned of the street, the road makes a sudden into his ears. Ships' boys associate only turn to the left to within a hundred yards with the officers, and the officers are eter-nally instilling it into the lads that their a mile, until it appears to be stopped by first duty as sailormen must be to their

The gardens in southern Alaska will do countless lines. He wore a wig of pale everything expected of a garden in Michifor him, and his eyes, small and shrewd gan or Massachusetts. Cranberries, rasp- and blue, met mine with an amused berries, strawberries, salmonberries and twinkle.

on the coast of Bering sea raise onions, The idee being, y'see, that there's noth- in only a few miles of the gate, and cident to the ships under their command, successfully reared stock of all kinds. ing whatever else to do on a rainy day that it was his business to drop his and the skipper who has lost his vessel. There are many successful dairy and at the seaside, but kneck. So they do mudhook and wait for the fog to lift even when he hasn't been in the least to stock farms in Alaska today.

ligion to him. Well, this being the case, the other side of a small triangle of voyage from Yokohama and he wanted to from beneath his feet cannot but feel. be, that he hasn't made good for the trust his employers have reposed in him; from the train that August evening and or something of that sort has been against him, and caused him to become derelict was torn from his ship and a lot of in his duty to the people employing him. terest during the trip and who left the by folks ashore. Why does the captain lives were lost, including the life of a Positively it is a sort of worthy madness. consul general at a Chinese city and his this sense of duty which skippers feel toward their employers, and if all hands and I appeared to have been the only ashore possessed the same feeling it is a passengers deposited at the little station employes. Thus, the weight of tradition, much as a hatch cover of her the ever-present fear of being blamed. since. Just as the last boatload of pas- whether blameworthy or not, the keen if the left, and the train that had brought sengers was pulling away from the unreasonable self-deprecation for having me became a diminishing object soon lost steamer the skipper, a man who had failed to make good—these are the things to sight. From the marsh came the any tincture of bravado sailed all of the seven seas nearly all of that cause a deep sea captain, when the monotonous credition. The skippers look his life without ever making a mistake big bitter hour of his life arrives and of a wild bird. before, was seen to place a revolver to his ship is on the edge of dissolution, to

Good Farms on Bering Sea.

radishes, cabbages, cauliflower, lettuce. point of view, except to make his finish beets, etc. The foliage is large and strong there ain't nobody livin' at Overlook now and the roots firm and tender. The green but the farmer. of the leaves is more vivid and tender than plants raised in the states. The want to see. red of the roots and radishes is a deeper red, the flavor is delightful and mild. Government experimental stations report despise pore il'l innuheent children, and whereas the other captain is actuated ships have a certain tangible incentive that there are no heads of lettuce raised *

they pass the word around among all they pass the word around among all the mothers that if they don't watch out the seems sensible to the common or landsman view or not, absolutely under them after the disaster or not.

A skipper who has lost his ship, it stockman vast ranges such as he once The day will come, and that not far "Thank you. I will distant, when Alaska will offer to the it will not take long?" should be understood, is forever a marked enjoyed in the western states, and which skipper. There isn't any way to get away he lost through the rapid increase of fer the night. That was the last train dusk, men paused and looked back at us. from that or to dodge or duck it. He's population—the old ranges having been till 6 tomorrer mornin'. Don' mind com—At first I supposed my companion to be cut up into farming lands, a condition in' 'cross the road to my house, d' ye, heard a word spoken by one of a group from that or to dodge or duck it. He's cut up into farming lands, a condition marked. He's pointed out as the man which it is claimed accounts to a considthat hold their sessions around the exchanges and parlors and dry spots of the
porches of the hotel dumps on a rainy the skipper of this steamer had no right
that hold their sessions around the extoward the Golden Gate in a fog. Now,
who lost his ship. It doesn't make much
difference, either, whether he was to
the price of meat. The question of stock
toward the great increase in
difference, either, whether he was to
raising in Alaska can not be doubted, for heavy fog. He had passed the Faralione In employing skippers, of course, the the experimental stage passed away over Islands and he knew pretty well where preference is ever given to the men a century ago, when the Russians, by no he was-that is to say, that he was with- who've never been known to have an ac- means a thrifty class in land cultivation

THE SNARE OF CIRCUMSTANCE

Edith E. Buckley.

CHAPTER IV. Who Horsford Was.

county seat of Beverly. The main street ample stomach. Presently she spoke.

Where the buildings begin to straggle away from one another at the north end

The sun, red and uncompromisingly hot was sinking into a line of sullen gray clouds at the horizon when I stepped looked about me. had attracted and held my covert in-On the farther side of the tracks the marsh stretched in uninterrupted desola-

C. L. C. der to find myself face to face with an to Overlook. face was as innocent of hair as a new-

"To be sure. Can you tell The gardens in the vicinity of Nome Overlook is from here? The old man looked me over curiously. "Overlook?" he repeated. "W-all, I guess I can, but p'raps you don't know "Yes: I do know. It is the farmer "Ho! W-all, it's a consid'able out there.' "Is there any one about drive me out? "W-all, my boy Hank'll have to take ve if I say so, an' if ye don' mind waitin' round till we can hitch up." "Thank you. I will wait. I dare say amusement, then with something akin to how far I can go." Bout fifteen min'ets. Say, I'm sta- attraction. There appeared to be some-

> "No: I will go. We took a few steps in silence. Then post office that enlightened me. the old man looked up at me, curiosity overrunning every feature. "My name's John Hutton." he "Mine is Bliss," I responded "Good! Ye're from N' Yo'k, I s'ppose?"

"Hum! W-all, there's my house.

spoke with pride as he pointed to a cottage opposite the rear of the station. "An" that's my wife on the p'azzie. Here, Eliza Ann, this stranger is a-goin' to then I stepped back and laughed heart wait while Hank hitches up to take him at the rapidity with which the lad whire

I declined the proffered chair and seated the surf pounds upon a stony beach at myself on a step. Hutton disappeared immediately, and Mrs. Hutton continued the foot of a stretch of marsh; on the to sway placidly to and fro in her big other side, across the tiny bay, lies the chair, her plump hands crossed upon her "Overlook ain't so much of a place now the old man's gone," she said. "I dare say it has run down." "An' they do say over village way it's for rent, after all that happened there,

Who'd want to live there, I'd like to know? "I think I shall not mind. I've taken for a time," I answered. The old lady looked interested. 'For the land's sake!" she exclaimed You don't say!" and she continued to egard me in amused meditation. "You've

"L have always believed so." "W-all, that's a good thing, I sh'd say don' wan' to scare you since you've got the place on your han's, but over village way they do say that Mr. Somhers comes back to Overlook sometimes. You'd bet ter not tell your wife that when she comes. I'm just a-tellin' you so you can be lookin' out. Any children, have you?"
"I'm a bachelor." "You don't say!" A long pause. "An' you takin' the Place of Silence? That's most as bad as Mr. Somhers himself.

live alone for.' At that moment Mr. Hutton appeare to announce that the "hoss an' buggy" were ready, and I paid my adjeux to Mrs. I assured her with thanks that doubt-It was quite apparent that the rawboned lad of fifteen or thereabouts, whom the station master informally introduced as "my gran'boy, Hank," was not overdelighted with the idea of conveying me "I ain't got no use fer that place," he

well on the way. "This's the third time A young woman whom I had obs born babe's, but brown and seamed with gran-dad's sent me out at dark with through the open door of an adjoin countless lines. He wore a wig of pale some city feller like you. Wish that 7 room now came slowly forward, a t o'clock train got in at noon, I do," and dling child clutching at her skirts. Hank kicked the dashboard vindictively. "Harsk the gentleman in, Joe." she Hank kicked the dashboard vindictively. "Say." he continued, presently, looking at me with new interest, "air you a detective? "What gave you an idea that I might he a detective? "Over village way here they say Harry

> to make folks think he didn't do it by sendin' detective men up from N' Yo'k to look 's if they was tryin' to fin' out somebody else that did it. The other two fellers was detectives, I guess." I had a fancy that the boy was right on that point. "Pretty nice place. Overlook, isn't it? asked after a minute. The boy hunched his shoulders, but did not answer; nor could I induce him to further conversation. We were passing through the village by this time, and I observed, first with

of men standing upon the steps of the that people stare at us?" I asked Henry.

"Good heavens! Does no one in town

ever go up to the place?"

discomfort, that we were the center of

'Do you think me a detective?" By this time we had turned off

Wing. J. E. 1908. RKQ-W724s.

the only sounds that broke upon the pesides the pounding of the horse's upon the earth and the rattle of ouggy" were the croak of frogs and beach below. It was a silence which my present state of mind, seemed anny. I sighed with relief when H rove into a private roadway and alm immediately pulled up before a small roofed house. We had taken the h road to the left of the wooded trian

'here you be, an' I hope you don' "No: here's your of the Place of around and was off I turned to the door of the cottage find it open and myself face to face t a youngish man, broad and athletic appearance, beardless and sunburn scarcely the man I expected to see the for my conception of Mr. Arms was

lean man and elderly. "I wish to see Mr. Arms," I said.
"'E is yonder," answered the cointing northeastward. "There is a wh ouse with green blinds ten minutes yond. 'E, lives there."
"Is this not Overlook?" "'E was, sir," corrected the man, "but I ham the farmer now

Milbrath should have given me an int It looked as if he did not know of change. I could not see, however, t made much difference to me. you give me shelter and food? This n from Mr. Milbrath will explain the site

nearly every one who had looked at since I arrived in Winton came into man's face. fortable with my cousin, who is Arms. I can drive you hover. The r ere are small and-I interrupted, "and I do not wish to you or your wife to any trouble. or a cot anywhere will do for the nis I dare say I shall be able to get into The man's heavy brows lowered a tr

terrupted, sharply, "and I will lay out bite for 'im before I 'ush the babe The man, whose large form had block the doorway, made room for me to within, and as I did so I heard Milbrath, who killed his uncle, is trying woman mutter beneath her breath "'Ave you no sense, you?'

(To be continued tomorrow.) Useful Information.

from the Buffalo Express. "May I see my father's record?" ask the new sturent. "He was in the class

"Certainly, my boy. What for?" "He told me when I left home not disgrace him, sir, and I wish to see jt

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